TOO MANY COLONELS.

North Dakota Is Being Overrun with Them.

Like the Festive Grasshopper, They Multiply and Swarm Over the State—No Privates Are Among Them.

Colonels are getting to be nearly as great a nuisance as the Russian cactus, says the Fargo Argus. They are multiplying and increasing with dangerous rapidity. You can scarcely throw a stone at a dog without running the risk of accidentally hitting a colonel. Colonels in mufti, which may be broadcloth or corduroy, in stable frocks or barkeepers' aprons, taking orders for books or rubber stamps or selling patent medicines or plasters, are as common as straight whisky in Kentucky or as new theories of government in a populist mass-meeting. It was once proposed to raise a regiment composed entirely of colonels. The troubles nowadays would be not to get the regiment, but to select from enough applicants for an army corps. Fargo alone could probably furnish more colonels than there are in the active list of the army—and some of Fargo's colonels are men who really have served in the army, which distinguishes them from the colonels of most communities. The "captain," the "jedge" and the "major" are not to be mentioned in the same day with the colonels. These old relics of southern barrooms are vastly in the minority, and the day of the colonels is at hand.

Like the lilies of Egypt they throng; like the grasshoppers of Missouri they congregate. From every station in life, from every profession, of every age and condition, there are colonels to the right and left, colonels ad libitum and ad nauseam. From whence this great aggregation of colonelistic talent? Where have been bred the eagles that have swooped down and roosted upon all these shoulders? Some of them were infants in arms when the late war closed, some of them were manipulators of hotel registers and concocters of the tittilating cocktail while the war raged, and some have been tenders of equestrian steeds since they have been high enough to reach a stirrup. How come these to be dubbed "colonel?"

Faithful and persistent inquiry among the colonels themselves throws little light upon the subject. Some cannot claim anything better than that their wives' people kept a hotel where the soldiers boarded. They do not claim, even, that they themselves kept the hotels. There would seem to be a shadow of reason why the majestic creature, in a clean, starched shirt and Alaskan diamond pin, looking complacently to heaven as he balances a toothpick with his lips and thrusts a penholder at a guest, should be called by a high-sounding military title, but to dub a man colonel only because his father-in-law's brother kept a boarding-house seems to be straining a point. Another colonel, when asked as to his command, hemmed a little, put on a frown, supposed to be fierce, pulled his shirt collar a little higher, and replied that he had forgotten the number of his regiment. "It was so long ago, you know, and I have always had a bad head for figures." Another explained that having formed a partnership with a major, who was a junior in a concern, it became necessary, as a matter of discipline to the help, that he should rank his partner. The fact remains, however, that the colonels are overrunning the earth and consuming the substance thereof. Privates are as scarce as the teeth of hens. Most unmilitary people think that corporal is the higher officer, and whoever hears of a sergeant? There is a general impression abroad that a colonel has something to do with horses—something between a farrier and a veterinary surgeon—and the real colonels, the few who really bore Uncle Sam's commission as such, are without honor in the country where mock colonels constitute a majority of the male population over the age of twenty.

A PETRIFIED WOMAN.

An Awful Gash on Her Forehead Indicates a Violent Death.

Sixty years ago, so the story goes, there lived at Walkerville, Greene county, Ill., a man and wife by the name of Lovess and near by a family of Bridgewaters. They were intimate, as all new settlers were, says a correspondent of the St. Louis Republic. About that time land seekers came to Walkerville and began surveying and locating lands. Mrs. Lovess was a beautiful woman and attracted the attention of one of the land buyers, and he paid her a great deal of attention, so much so that Lovess became jealous and in a fit of rage left his wife and country.

About that time the Lovess log cabin was burned to ashes and there was no trace of the Lovess woman to be found. It was generally supposed that she was cremated in the burning cabin. The land buyer, too, was missing.

A few weeks ago, near the spot of the old cabin, was found the body of a petrified woman. The neighbors assembled to take the body out of the limestone formation in the ravine, where it was discovered. Mrs. Bridgewater, as soon as the body was presented to view, recognized it as the body of her old friend and neighbor, Mrs. Lovess. There was the trace of a ghastly wound on the forehead made by a sharp instrument, cleaving the skull, and which must have produced death. It is supposed that the Lovess woman was murdered and buried in the ravine where found and the cabin burned to avoid detection or suspicion.

It is thought that the limestone water trickling down into the grave petrified the body, and that the ravine washing out exposed the body to the view of the man who found it.

The petrified woman has been exhibited to large crowds of curious people.

SMALL-BOAT VOYAGES.

Stories of Foolhardy Men Who Have Crossed the Atlantic.

The record of adventurous persons who have crossed the Atlantic in crafts of small dimensions is, comparatively speaking, a long one, but nothing has been accomplished beyond fame for a few, and almost repulsive stories of privations of various kinds and failure. The latest effort of adventure in this direction is that of Capt. Fretsch, a Finn, who is to try to cross the Atlantic in a forty-six-foot flat-bottomed schooner-rigged skiff, constructed by himself at Milwaukee. He started from that city recently crossing the lake and coming through the Erie canal to Troy, thence down the Hudson to this city, says the New York Tribune. He proposes to start at an early day, going first to Southampton, thence to ports on the continent, and later return to the United States.

Voyages of this kind in such small craft are evidently more remarkable than those of clippers, yachts and schooners, on account of the perils of the ocean, the paucity of the crew to manage the helm and sails during a period measured by months and the spirit and pluck of the individual. But it cannot be said that such voyages really accomplish anything for the science of navigation. In July, 1866, Capt. Hudson and F. E. Fitch, the latter acting as mate, and a dog, in a twenty-six-foot lifeboat called the Red, White and Blue, and rigged as a schooner, started from Sandy Hook on a voyage of unknown duration and uncertain vicissitude across the Atlantic. The boat had several narrow escapes from capsizing, and thirty-seven days after leaving New York she entered Margate harbor. The boat and her crew were exhibited at the Crystal Palace, where the story of the voyage was oft-told. The hardy navigators did not return in the same way—they had "had enough of it." In the same year a small yacht of twenty-five tons made the voyage from Liverpool to New South Wales, reaching there in one hundred and fifty days, a distance of sixteen thousand miles. In June, 1876, Alfred Johnson started from Gloucester in a small boat, manned only by himself, and sixty-seven days later he reached Liverpool. The voyage was a perilous one, and when about three hundred miles off the Irish coast his boat was capsized, and he was providentially assisted by a huge wave in righting it.

Another bold adventure was that of Capt. Thomas Crapo, who, with his wife, crossed the ocean in a twenty-foot boat called the New Bedford. The adventurers sailed from New Bedford in June, and fifty-four days later reached Penzance and were right glad to end the voyage. The experiences were most bitter and heart-rending. In July, 1888, Capt. Andrews sailed from Boston and crossed the Atlantic. The story of the voyage was like that of many others—deprivation of comforts and food, loss of sleep, hair breadth escapes, dangerous hurricanes and newspaper notoriety.